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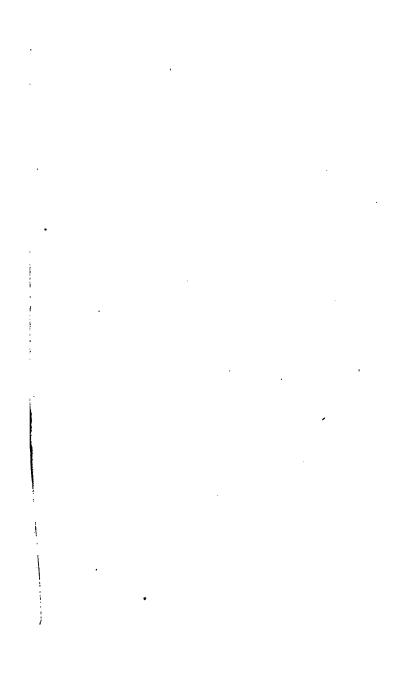
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# THE LAST REGRET.





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# THE LAST REGRET;

or,

THE POWER OF DIVINE REGENERATION.



# THE LAST REGRET;

OR,

THE POWER OF DIVINE REGENERATION.

# A Poęm:

ILLUSTRATIVE OF TRUTHS OF INSPIRATION,

ASSAILED IN A LATE WORK

ENTITLED

"ESSAYS AND REVIEWS."

BY A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.

ANY PROPITS WHICH MAY ACCRUE UPON THIS WORK, WILL BE DEVOTED TO THE AGRD PILGRIMS' FRIEND SOCIETY.

#### LONDON:

B. W. GARDINER & SON, PRINCES STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE. JOHN F. SHAW & Co., 46, PATERNOSTER BOW.

1861.

280. c. 199.

#### LONDON:

B. W. GARDINER AND SON, PRINTERS, PRINCES STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.



#### TO ALL

WHO LOVE THE UNADULTERATED TRUTH,

AND REJOICE IN THE GLORIOUS MYSTERIES

OF THE GOSPEL OF JESUS CHRIST,

THE POLLOWING

# Evangelical and Experimental Poem,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF BIBLICAL VERITIES,

CONTEMPTUOUSLY AND PRESUMPTUOUSLY ASSAILED

IN A WORK BECENTLY PUBLISHED, ENTITLED

"ESSAYS AND BEVIEWS."

IS IN CHRISTIAN LOVE INSCRIBED;
BY ONE,

INCALCULABLY A DEBTOR

TO THE RIGHTEOUSNESS AND ATONING BLOOD

OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST,—

THE BLESSED AND ONLY POTENTATE.

THE KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS;
WHO ONLY HATH IMMORTALITY,

DWELLING IN THE LIGHT WHICH NO MAN CAN APPROACH UNTO;
WHOM NO MAN HATH SEEN, NOR CAN SEE;
TO WHOM BE HONOR AND POWER EVERLASTING.

AMEN !!!



### PREFACE.

In a late Work, entitled Essays and Reviews, written by parties in connexion with the Church of England, it has not been considered too great presumption, to insult God, impugn the veracity of the Bible, and assail the Christian Faith. If, for such purposes, men may unhesitatingly venture to come before the Public, the Author, though nameless in the literary world, need not count it a peculiar enormity, to lay in an interesting form a few striking facts before his fellow men. He advances but a few, out of many that have transpired in the course of his own actual experience: and speaks TRUTH—as his soul shall answer for it at the bar of God.

The design of this little Work is, to vindicate the Salvation of God in the presence of its enemies: and not merely illustrate the glorious truths of the Bible; but demonstrate the more inexpressibly glorious

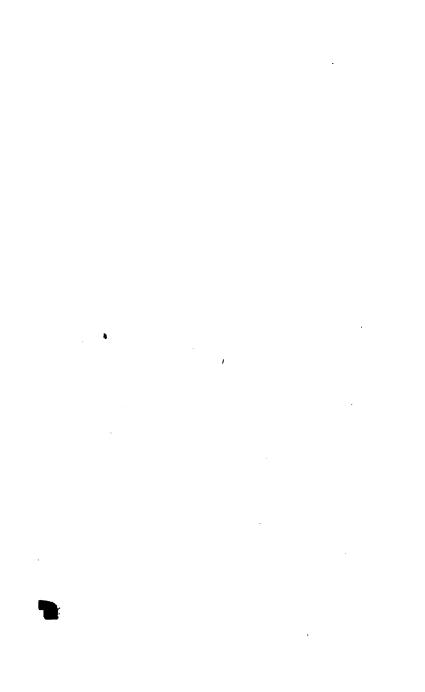
power of the Holy Spirit, by which these truths are rendered effectual to salvation. But for this, not-withstanding a life-long passion for poetry, it is probable the Author's voice had never been heard on high.

Having in view to touch momentous realities and awaken meditation, simplicity of style has been studied, and familiar phraseology employed. The Writer has sought to address himself less to the intellect, than the heart: and has had insufficient leisure to burden the page with similies. But in the absence of lofty style and brilliant similie, he still trusts that sufficient is here, deeply to engage the reflective mind.

London, December, 1861.

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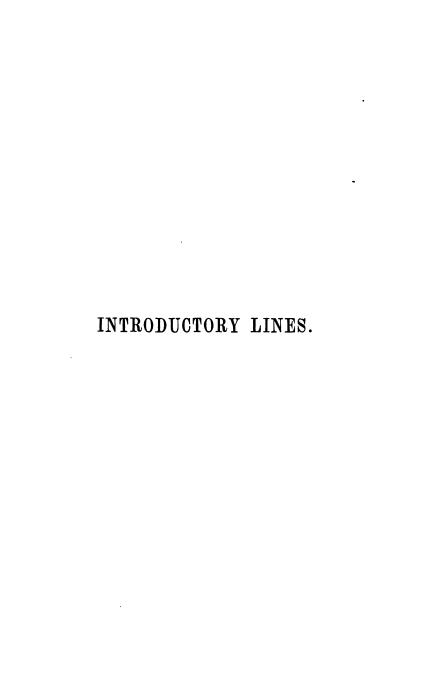
THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.



### THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

There are Immortal Strains, whose inspiration Demands a burning sympathy—a spirit By equal love or equal madness shapen To melt into their meanings—mystery— Inexplicable eloquence of thought! Moon-souls alone revolve around such suns Of power imperial:—the million flag! But simpler hearts will feed on lowlier song, And prove a gladness in the minstrelsy,-For, meanest spirits have their woes to balm: Toward such my aim—their love my guerdon be! Where be the sorrowless? Where, where the cheek Untainted by a tear? And he that heals, Thro' grace upon his muse one sin-sick soul, The least of all the wand'ring sheep of Christ, With Gop is Chief of Poets!—Meed divine!! Thus have I striven, my eye upon that end,

To touch my harp-strings into melody, And hymn of sovereign grace in simplest strain. Had it been simpler still, that should have prov'd Haply a merit; for, whilom spake HE Who rules Creation-"Write the vision, make It plain upon the tables, that who reads May run:"-Ev'n so, Blest Father let it be!!! Hence to the master spirits of the Age, So far above my Lay, I would submit They suffer this weak sacrifice: -To Fame? Nay, nay! the welfare of my kind!! And lest Tempted too proudly with the heel of scorn To spurn what seems contemptible, O hear The heart of Jesu o'er a simple act In meekness wrought by love—hear that pure heart O'er Mary bending in its majesty,— (She who in gratitude His feet with balm Anointing, dried them with her flowing hair) "Why grieve ye her? Let her alone I say: "For in her love—She hath done what she could"!!!





### INTRODUCTORY LINES.

The wand'ring Pilgrim on a boundless waste, Benighted, toil-worn, lonely, and astray, Full many a glance darts at the leaden East, Then—fiercely murmurs at the tarrying day: Baffl'd in hope the lost track to regain, He chides Night's cloudy phalanx with his eye, And pausing long upon the darken'd plain, Oft wounds the ear of silence with his sigh: But when at length to dissipate his gloom, Prankt on the nethermost of that sad heav'n Appears a twilight beam bedash'd with bloom Of orange and of rose, where, Night's veil riven, Brightens Aurora's smile; -with soul redress'd, He smooths his louring brow, fires with the glance Of hope's reviving gladness, and his breast Finds for its fulness ample utterance; Then will he bless the spirit of the dawn,-Ne'er till that moment light seem'd half so fair;

Exults he in the golden gush of Morn,
Whose amber wave could scatter all his care!

The trembling Heart that from a cabin low On the cliff-battlement, beholds the storm, Lightning above—the vengeful deep below— And conjures up the phantom of a form Strangling amid the surge; that form the same . Round which the tendrils of her spirit twine. And her joy gambols in a dance untame; That trembling heart, which in its strength sublime, (The strength—or madness if it be—of love) Without one sigh its noblest blood would drain Upon the Storm-King's altar could it prove Accepted, to appease you ruthless main; That heart, in every eddy of the blast Feels its fond life suspended;—0! the thrill Of fear unutterable by Tempest cast Into that yearning breast !—the deadly chill!! Her's is a pang that calmness spurns and rest, That drives her to the headland's beetling cliff. With tear-blind eye to search the boiling yeast Of Ocean vainly o'er, for one frail skiff! And when at length Tornado furls his wing After long wrath, the Sun in crimson sets Behind a field of wavelets dimpling

That toss aloft their golden coronets,
Upon the glory of the welt'ring West
A dim speck rises to attract her eyes—
A little mast!—a sail!! Ha! bless'd—how bless'd!
Hope springs on silver wing—and sparkles in her sighs!

The Patriot contending on the plain With tyrants for his lov'd—his native land, With desperate charge on charge pierces amain The serried masses of the adverse band; But ever and anon (O bitterness!!) -As might the Spartan at Thermopylæ-His spirit withers with untold distress, To mark his phalanx fade! Full haughtily Advancing but extinguish'd 'neath the fire Of too superior thousands, on the sod His proud compatriots fall; the rest in ire, Breathless, outworn, with not a hope save God, Press on-stern pledged to death or victory: Alas! 'tis but to die! Around them close. To right, to left, the hostile chivalry, Till either flank far heaves—a sea of foes! And now, perforce, his sun of hope, 'mid sighs, Sets in Despair's dark wave; and "Lost—all lost— For ever lost!" he groans: When hark! the skies Ring to the watchword of a succouring host

That strikes for vengeance and for Liberty!

He hears his Country's name upon the breeze,
Upon the winds he marks her banner free,
'The levell'd lances of his brethren sees
Pour'd on the foe—like spring-tides on the strand,
The wave-wash'd strand of Ocean! Then from the dead

His hope uprising, o'er his martyr band
He thunders "Victory!" and at their head
Impetuous dashes on to deadlier fight;
And as he marks the opposing ranks give way,
Their shatter'd masses scatter'd far in flight,
Their trailing banners hurrying from the fray,—
The burden of an ecstasy too great
Stoops on his soul oppress'd; and to the sod
The big tear rolling at the smile of Fate,—
"This is, this is," he sighs, "none save the arm of
God!"

The hapless Mariner, at midnight hour
Launch'd by his founder'd bark upon the surge,
As breasting the white foam with arm of pow'r,
Hears in each wild wind-shriek his funeral dirge:
Yet strains his vision from each billowy crest,
To mark if Hope shall yield—one cheering beam!
—A lonely headland darkens in the West,

And from its brow the misty light scarce seen Thro' distance, glimmers to augment his pain; And save that sign, far far as glance may roam, Is naught but leaden sky-and howling main-The World's dim tent! the sea-bird's awful home! Ah! then, strength fails, heart sickens, and hope dies; Yet doubly strong he loathes that wat'ry grave; Thus, struggling fiercely with despair—he sighs, Or gasps into the void—"Thou Lord! O save!" And now a sound smites his accustomed ear-Another—and another! it is the stroke Of oars upon the brine:—and voices near! But ere th' unlook'd for aid he may invoke, He faints—he sinks—the life-boat at his side! They seize his passive form that strives no more, Senseless they drag him from the ravening tide; They bear him to the hospitable shore: And now, warm laid before some cottage fire, He starts to life 'mid images of pain; To hear anew the shricking wind in ire-To see the lamp that mock'd him on the main-To feel the icy drift upon his cheek-Once more to struggle with avenging fate-O'er his last failing energy to shriek-And shrieking die, in fancy,-desolate! At length restor'd—the priz'd and precious dow'r,

Of life, sweet peace, society, and love, Assails his bosom with tumultuous pow'r, And drives him burden'd forth with Thought to rove: And he will wander by th' exulting tide, And shuddering muse on that dread element; And hang o'er many a sea-shell by his side— The mute yet speaking emblem eloquent Of one so late snatch'd from the blue abyss:' And then the warm gush—despite nature rude— Of swelling gratitude, and beamy bliss, Comes purpling o'er his hour of solitude; And mute in some cliff-cavern lowly bending, O'ermatch'd by myst'ry not to be beguil'd, The silent incense of his soul ascending, The strong man sits and sobs-by joy once more a child!

But not the Pilgrim when reviving morn
Hath chas'd the wild'ring shadows from the plain,
And to the altar of his bosom lorn
Restor'd the incense of repose again;
Nor yet the love-struck Watcher on the cliff
When to assuage her agony of fears,
The dim, the shadowy phantom of a skiff
Starring the golden mists of West appears;
Nay! nor the bruised soul of patriot Chief

That prov'd its last hope in despair expire, When interposing Heav'n vouchsafes relief, And snorts upon the Despot in its ire; Nor he, the shipwreck'd Wight, whose reeling brain Swoon'd 'mid the blast in death's dark agony, And but reviv'd, in thought to die again-When safe from all his fears—and, ecstasy! The pebbly shell-deck'd beach beneath his foot-Above, the blue sky's smile benevolent-And the weird sense of life, mysterious, mute, Wooing within in whispers eloquent; Can boast a bliss so exquisitely rare, As he, whose spirit darken'd, desperate, By all that drapes the Future in despair, And moves Hell's taunt against the desolate; \* When to that spirit's lacerated core By viewless hand mysteriously applied,+ The balm of Gilead ! melts into its sore, And healing radiates from Jesu's side!

<sup>•</sup> When, through the grace of repentance, a soul is brought to pant after salvation, the Powers of Darkness combine by temptation to thrust the broken-hearted one upon despair. The assault is almost invariably experienced in the shape of cutting mockery and derision.

<sup>†</sup> The power of the Holy Spirit.

t The atoning blood of the Cross.

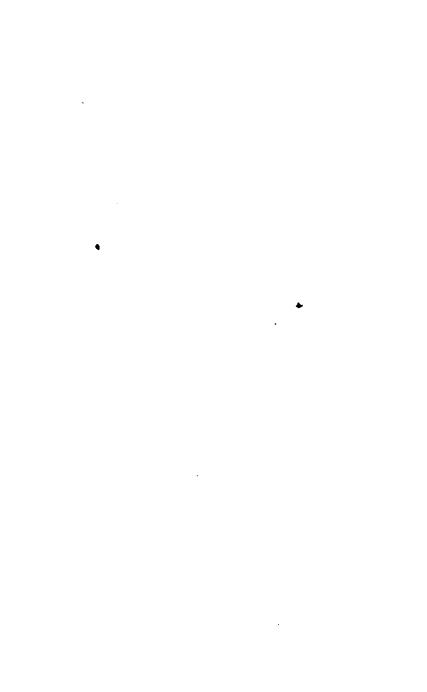
Then, shadows spread their demon wings and flee:
Then, sun-beams, love beams, melt from God's warm
smile:

In swathing light forth-gleams Eternity,
Hope on her vast—thron'd like a sapphire Isle!
While o'er the everlasting hills serene
To Faith's inspir'd gaze there burns afar,
'Mid myriad orbs pre-eminent One Beam,—
Peerless, intense, sublime,—Love's Morning Star!\*

<sup>•</sup> The Lord Jesus Christ: see (Rev. xxii. 16.)

# THE LAST REGRET.

Canto the Sinst.



### THE LAST REGRET.

#### CANTO THE FIRST.

He—stood within an Eastern Capital
To hail the glory of approaching Morn,
As from her chambers in the gorgeous East
With vestal smile and front imperial
To waken earth she came! His pond'ring brow
Tho' freighted with but five and twenty Springs,
Shone patriarchal; \* and his chasten'd eye
Burn'd in a beam divine; and on his cheek
Ungenial Sickness snow'd an earthless white:
His deep heart was a wilderness of thought!
A world of strange intelligence his soul—
That soul not of the world! And now he stood,
Spell-bound, entranc'd, and deeply pondering,
Within the white walls of that Capital.

<sup>•</sup> The grace of God bestows more real solemnity and wisdom than the weight of a hundred years:—"I understand more than the ancients, because I keep thy precepts." (Ps. cxix. 103.)

He oped the casement, and he wander'd forth, As by a spirit led: his footstep sought The lofty terrace, for that fever'd brow Wrung by a night of pain panted to prove The sweet embraces of the morning breeze!-Oh! welcome in the Torrid's burning zone. Where welt'ring plains the livelong day lie drench'd In golden beams, the earliest dew-touched wind: For there the Air and Beam enamoured, And mingled in an ecstasy, repose Entranc'd upon the Land—their fiery sighs Parching the landscape with a mutual flame! He oped the casement, and he wander'd forth To seek the beauty of the star-gemm'd sky, And woo the tears Night mingles with the wind; And there—absorb'd—on grove and pinnacle, Dark roof and dome and feathery palm and plain, And night's inexplicable mystery, Breathless he gazed—in love with Solitude!

How tranquil is the Dawn! how beautiful
Is Thought! how passing exquisite is Peace!
Dawn, Thought, and downy Peace,—all hail! all hail!
Luxurious Triad! in thy holy hour
The phantom of Earth's sixty centuries
Uprising from the sepulchre of Past

In melancholy guise,—will ofttimes flit Before the visual faculty of Soul; And, like the ghost of the untomb'd first Pharoah,-Which when the sun sinks down and the white moon Climbs the blue zenith and the night-wind sighs, In withering tones thine ear by fits may hear Eternal moaning by the Arab main-Will shrick upon the boast of all things human! Ay! center'd in her dread solemnity, The soul of Dreamer rapt acquires a pow'r To hear the voice from Graves: then, in profounds Of her weird halls-like to the hollow voice Of an expiring prophet in his wisdom, Or his who spake Saul's doom,-reverberates The moral of the six milleniums: More grandly sad, and terrible no less For booming from the tomb of perish'd Time; Rolling where'er doth float the vital air It clasps the convex of the spheric world, O'er man,-his glory, hopes, and arrogance, Thund'ring the Truth detested-"VANITY!"

Thus pond'ring, Soul gains light: the sophistries Of sin-obstructed Reason overwhelm'd Before the weight of solemn evidence That springs, incontrovertible, from fact, Reveal their rottenness, and level lie To the free spirit's scorn! Earth's hope is prov'd A dazzling mockery; the heights of pride An anthill mound—meet pedestal for Fools: For startl'd by the phantom of the Past, Which like a denizen of dreamland comes To court her apprehension, on whose brow Blackens conspicuously the brand of gloom, The tutor'd spirit acquires solemnity: The meretricious bravery of things Prov'd on the ever-closing tomb of Time, Asunder falls like flax when touch'd by flame, And all Below unrobes to mind's disdain! Then, moral wrong—and hate—and reinless passion— And heart's unconquerable apostasy— Under vouchsafement of the Spirit's grace, Arrest, appal; till, trembling, Soul retires To pierce the azure of the starry arch And search a destiny in holier spheres!

He gain'd the terrace:—O how exquisite
The hour, the calm, the mystery, the scene!
"Twas as the breath of God in power lay
On universal Nature, ponderous,
Pressing the animate and inanimate
Down in ecstatic trance,—trance too divine

For leisure to live for smiles! Scarcely Night
Retarded the fierce chargers of the Sun,
That spurned resistless: 'neath horizon's verge,
Tossing the tresses of their fiery mane,
Champing the silver bit, pawing the wind,
And snorting lines of lightning, beams of blood,
While clashing blazing pinions in impatience
Headlong to rush on shadow's westering rear,
Aurora scarcely held them in her rein;
Yet sweet! each struggling neck bent to the breast,
—A foaming snow-white rank of grace and terror—
To the lov'd hand and playful reprimand
Of that ethereal youthful Charioteer
Proudly obedient, generously tender,
Bore witness to the pow'r of her that guided!

Above the heavens were purple, for as yet
The deep rich hue of midnight overspread them:
The spangl'd arch throughout was rough with gems
Of myriad constellations; each wild star,
"A marvel and a mystery!" O ye
May sit in cloudless summer nights and watch
Their various glory, their fantastic groups,
Until, bewilder'd, they seem living things
Mingl'd in dances of majestic measure
To their own voiceless music! Like, 'tis said,

The scene which from a cliff, or stretching cape, Or seaward mountain-peak, that overhangs The crystal waves and golden flashing strands And halcyon isles of million islanded And haunted faëry-land, the midnight long Thine eye may view and wonder; where, 'mid light Of moony pearly pale and earthless lustre, Millions of spirits, fragile, beautiful, Making of life eternal carnival, To elfin music move in wizard measure!-There was no cloud abroad: in heav'n no blot On all her starry blue! The vast expanse, Impurpl'd ocean and orb-flashing isles, Like an unbroken archipelago Roll'd boundless, glorious, unobscur'd, and free; And Earth, from her equator east and west, By either pole, slept nobly circummured By sky and stars—a dark isle 'mid the isles! Impending from its crystal firmament, Yet dimm'd by distance inconceivable, In tender beauty swept the milky way; A million leagues cleaving the night-stain'd blue, Like a white shoal wash'd by an azure main!

Ye Stars! seraphic homes! mysterious bowers Of peace and joy and harmony and love!

Where never dark cloud marr'd the atmosphere, Nor damn'd fiend wander'd o'er the emerald With his foul presence to pollute the scene, Or taint with reeking breath the rosy air; There be from this Terrene on which we stand, To which we're bound, and from the stage of which Till Destiny permit we may not rise, Who heavenward gaze, and gazing, learn of You;-Ay! learn with humbl'd soul! For, are not ye God's blazing band of beauteous witnesses, To order, sweet tranquillity, and love? Contrasting awful with the dow'r of Earth, Her woe—her desolation—her dread fall From purity—her selfish sad estate— Her solitude amid the worlds of God-And withering banishment from happiness! Mute Witnesses! on glittering pages bearing Tremendous and soul-harrowing testimony, We grasp all you imply; the record mute As barbéd iron penetrates the soul, Till madden'd with the taunt she pines for wings Anointed with the beams of equal fire To scale the dizzy void and be at rest, Where vallies bask and mystic waters roll Inspher'd in orbs of light,—and all is peace! Where gladness is perpetual, and the day

Which knows no night, unruffl'd and unbroke, Is an eternal bliss! O for bright wings, Dipp'd in the dreamy amber of your beams, And arm'd with archangelic energy, To o'ersweep Earth's dull boundaries and spurn Of this inheritance the irksome load! For there are hearts of men—ay! envious To shake mortality from this immortal, And make their nest amid the burning peaks, The golden plains, the flashing waters fair, Of planet-land—the beautiful! the free! There, Thought, grand Thought, might weigh sublimest themes!

There Love, sweet Love, should wander and adore! Hope drink of God, and brighten like a pyre!!

Yes!—For the spirit of immortal man Upon the anvil of the Heavens was forg'd By Him who is Himself-Felicity!!! Hence form'd for joy,—averse to misery: But sin's Anathema hath rifl'd joy! Ye Stars! that glisten'd on the rapturous Eve, When like a radiant goddess of the skies Within the circling halo of her grace In conscious pow'r she stood,-thro' eyes of flame Raining the ray of too luxurious soul



Like joy-storm on the ravish'd heart of him For whom such light was life;—

Affrighted Orbs!

That mark'd her drooping form—her shame-stain'd brow—

Her tears—her sobs—her stifl'd lamentation—
Her self-reproach and eloquent agony—
As borne by him she murder'd with her love
She look'd her last on Eden;—Pearly Gems!
Whose pale beam sicken'd o'er the tragedy,
Say,—Is not Earth a melancholy Clod?
And, if the tale be true,—Ye beaming Pyres!
Whose list'ning ear caught the enravish'd tone
At midnight breath'd beside dark Hellespont,—
Leander's joy enkindl'd by the eye
Of Thracian Hero, till his soul rain'd song,
And Asia's soft wind trembl'd;—while her lip
Faint-murmuring forth her wild soul's satisfaction,
Fondly to his deep blessings sigh'd—"Amen!"
"So be it aye with Hero!"—

Ye Love-lights!

Whose tearful ray anon dropp'd down and kiss'd
The dark flood and the listless lifeless form
Of that herculean swimmer floating cold
Afar from the Heart-broken;—Ye! whom she took
For witness to the eternity of Love,

When of a life too sad she farewell took;
Ye! that alone illum'd the Desolate
To the bold brow of yon sea-beetling cliff;
That mark'd her fatal leap—saw the black wave
Enfold her like an envious winding-sheet,
Blotting a blithe smile from the page of Life;—
Say,—Is not Earth a melancholy Clod?
But, wherefore pause on incident? when Time,
Grey Time itself is one protracted groan
Of myriad hearts that sigh in unison!
That heard aright, undiadems the World,
Restores heart's longing to insulted Heav'n,—
The yearn to quaff of Empyreal Air!

He gain'd the terrac'd roof, and with rapt heart Embrac'd creation—like a dreaming bride!
Dark roll'd her dread magnificence around With an unusual glory, and his soul Intoxicated drank, and was—beguil'd!
While from the downy depths of silence grand A voice to soothe his sufferings came forth, In tones—sister to all the Prophecies!
Sweet Morning's wind crept o'er the eastern sea, And softly fluttering to that fever'd brow,
Chac'd the much languor of a night of pain:
Like health its balmy breathings met his heart,



Which felt its love, and smil'd in love's return! A golden blush 'gan tinge the verge of East, The welcome harbinger of coming Morn, The morn for which he watch'd—in silence, lone! Beneath, and closely veil'd in shades of gloom, Lay fountains and sweet gardens; and beyond, Mingl'd with groves of cocoa and of palm, Irregular and far the City spread. Right touching was the scene! But, chief of charms, The pow'r of Night still held the world in thrall, Wreathing on all its mystery serene: Earth's children wrapt in light of morning dreams, Drew the last sweets from gentle generous Sleep; And he alone, lord of the solitude, Sole monarch of the dawn-preceding hour, Dreaming o'er beauty,—in his admiration, Spell-bound, entranc'd, and deeply pondering, Stood 'mid the white walls of that Capital!

While yet Aurora linger'd, who shall tell
The world of thought and feeling in that breast?
Go, Language, veil thy brow! words are too poor
To image such emotion! But the breath
Of sighs on sighs —soul's best interpreters—
Tumultuous as the tumult of the mind,
For ever springing on the ambient air,

These—witness'd to the magic spells that bound!

For now, far glancing thought as arrows swift
O'erswept the years, the barren years of past,
Unmark'd by aught that ministers true joy;
And from the chilling retrospect return'd
To drink of present peace, and hope sublime,
And love—pure, mystic, wild, ineffable,
The love of Jesus in regenerate mind;
Bliss swell'd the sails of Soul, that graceful bent
Before its pow'r like galleons in the breeze;
And mov'd to tears by speechless gratitude,
Disburden'd raptures on the sigh-smit air!

Two years were flown, since from a distant point
Of the same land where stood you Capital
He had departed, and within that space
Far had the Wand'rer rov'd: for roaming was
To him the substitute for happiness
In his youth's reckless day. Two years were flown,
Since a wild man he left that Indian strand
In spirit as in footsteps wandering,—
Tameless as Ishmael's children as he deem'd:
But Love Divine IT met him by the way,
Proudly but sadly buffeting Life's storm
Like a lone peterel on a billowy main,
And turn'd him from his course; and led that soul,

The tempest-toss'd, into the port of peace,—
The crimson cleft of Jesu's spear-pierc'd side!
And now, once more in sultry Ind he stood,
And gaz'd on Earth's and Life's seductive face,
On Death's, the Grave's, and Hell's,—all with a smile!

Two years! And reckless, heart-oppress'd, and lorn, He had departed, bearing deep within That which he scarce dared look on! He had dived In the profundity of his sad soul Appaling depths, and found such fearful things As hardiest fiends between their gnashing teeth Scarce dare to own,—albeit in each breast The secret burns like madness!\* Likewise he Above the beauty in the beautiful Of proud Creation, like an alchymist In quest of the weird stone, had pond'ring bent; Searching for spells of pow'r to permeate Life with the light of gold,—that Life might roll A stream of fiery bliss! Thus, Nature, Mind, Imagination, Heart, in turns he prov'd; And started at the secret evolv'd By the deep search from all: Hear it, O hear, Romantic Youth whose gentle spirit trims

Enmity to God, which in its final development is deadly.
 (See, Rom. viii. 7.)

A maiden wing for the enchanting flight
Of bliss; O hear, and hearing, haply pause!
"Who PINES ON EARTH FOR BLISS SHALL DIE
OF MADNESS!"

Thus, wounded, disappointed, mock'd and lorn, Soul, trembling, shricking, from her depths retir'd, To dissipate in travel and the chace Her woe;—with none of all beneath the sun, To understand this gloom, or share this pain!

Ah yes! When not an eye would pity him, Or if it should, could help this heavy grief; When all was vapid, and enjoyment came Scarcely by feverish fits to that dark breast; When hopeless o'er the spaces of the earth Like murderous Cain a vagabond he rov'd, Bewilder'd in the maze of saddest thought; When Heav'n seem'd barr'd o'er that devoted head, And wolfish Death press'd hard upon that heel; And Darkness like another Ate fell. Her bosom from beyond the grave unveil'd With hideous smile, and taunting proffered The loath'd embrace of her eternity; Ah me! he shriek'd, and rais'd a louring eye To Heav'n-deep charg'd with unexpress'd complaint, That spake in thunder—"WHEREFORE IS IT SO?"

Most, when the mystic fountain of his soul Sent forth its fulness inexhaustible In floods and torrents of divinest love, And borne upon that wave of eloquence, That pure, that earthless, that ethereal surge, He seem'd to float into sublunar heav'n Breathing ambrosial like the home of God; When he would prove a prize in that estate Whose noble glory made it worth To Be, That being thus—he would have ever been; Most then, by fits, the gladness of his mood Became a torture, as the palsied front And image of Age, and dread Infirmity, Fiend-like arose to howl upon his joy: While Death with webbed wings of midnight jet Flapp'd on his soul,—colder than drifted snow— Or Lethe's wave-or Hate's insanity-Or the dead beam that seals a devil's eye! Thus poison'd at its core, the sentient spirit Disburden'd tortures irrepressible; And mourning o'er the wreck of all things fair, Shriek'd ceaseless in the ears of empty space, Youth, Grace, and Love,-ye should have been immortal!'

Two years! And bound by every influence That gnaws the bosom as with fangs of fire, He had gone forth; in his own heart a slave,— A slave too arrogant to own his chain! That set himself with haughty lip to smile Contemptuous at the arrow in his soul, Whose ruthless barbs absorb'd the blood of bliss: A task perchance for a short treacherous hour Fairly achiev'd, until when least aware Some incident should raise afresh en mind The glory of the pure and beautiful In Nature, Thought, or Feeling: then i'th'brain With more than avalanche-like shock ruth-smit. And wounded 'youd the strength of pride to smile, Madden'd he rose to wail the wrecks of Time! Ha! struck anew as with the lambent shafts Of lightning in the crimson core of being, Soul to her centre shatter'd, fiery wept In blood; the captive of eternal laws That sway created Mind-albeit in ruin!

Ay! it hath been, when lamps were burning bright
Beneath the dome of revel, where light hearts
The brave and fair with graceful mirth conspir'd
To cheat the midnight watches, while the dance,
The laughter, music, repartee, and wine,
Each yielded its vain bliss,—that as he paced
The pageant mute and solitarily



Unequal to rejoice, a single note Of song hath wak'd his madness. They would lead Some lovely songstress blushing in her pride, 'Mid general murmur low of satisfaction, To envied occupation of the throne Of song before the harpsichord;—the while, With many a kind and courtly flattering Greeting her willing ear. Then turn'd each eye, Whither all mute in conscious pow'r she sat. And she would strike with a familiar hand The golden chords of plaintive melody In prelude all divine—meet for such song. Anon-like sunbeams from a cloud of dew-Forth from the purple caverns of her soul Came gushing tones so deep, the welt'ring air Trembl'd beneath their passionate eloquence! Tones like to those the EAR-CREATIVE caught Thrilling the arches of imperial Heav'n, When Seraphs first awoke to drink of love !-Then shrouded in the veil of saddest thought As in a winding-sheet, mute, cold, and dead To all that lived around, and agonized And bleeding like a stricken sacrifice, He stood transfix'd by Fate: outwardly calm, Within like Niobe—a desolation! 'Twas not the song, albeit ravishing

And breathing tenderest sentiment, that touch'd The central spring of feeling: but the thrill In some ecstatic swell—or touching fall—
That seem'd within its bleeding core t'enshrine
The Spirit of Truth and Tears; whose lovely heart
Touch'd by the fading glory of that crowd,
The Songstress, Warriour, Statesman, Rev'ller, Bard,
To pity melting—mingl'd with the strain!

Or it hath been, when wearied with the chace And seated tranquil in the shade to rest 'Mid solitude of woody wildernesses,-Perchance beside the golden sandy bed O'er which the Monsoon torrent late had roll'd, But, save by one thin thread of silver stream Untraverséd, till the revolving year Restore the pregnant rain cloud,—where bright birds Delight to harbour, and at times to stoop And flutter in the wave while burning Noon Throbs in the languid air,—that as he sat The pow'r of Thought would o'er him steal like sleep, And in a trance of tenderness beguil'd, Dropp'd the groov'd rifle from his nerveless grasp-While fill'd the eye with tears—with ruth the heart! And he would count it ecstasy to be By leagues of forest mountain and ravine

Remov'd from haunts of men—A HUNTER LONE— Free, free to weep, with none to mark and scorn! And he would watch th'innocent mirth of doves, Unnumber'd races, tiny, beautiful, In plumage various, various in form, That haunt the woods of Hind—that make of life An everlasting lapse of love and pleasure! At times in amorous twos aloft they'd spring In sportive circles, as the uppermost To gain were an attainment; while the air, The rosy balmy sultry air of East They beat to clamour with their silver wings! Anon, descending on the underwood With livelier coo and ceaseless fluttering, The doubtful combat in mid-air begun They'd wage among the branches; -strife whose sound Thro' all its silken soft faëry vein Was musical with joy! Some on the tops Of the superior forest bushes seen, With bill to bill would mingle in a kiss, Clapping with wanton wing the trembling air! While pensive some, close-shrouded from the ray By bowering leaves, would sit 'mid berried boughs The livelong Noon through all her golden reign, And dream down languor with Love's purple dream! Sometimes was heard upon the welkin still

The sudden rustle of the peacock's wing:
And oft amid the wither'd leaves and grass
The trip of jungle-fowl,—or stealthy hoof
Of the wild boar: oft too thro' vista shades
The graceful outline of the spotted deer
Would bound—or halt, turn head, prick ear, and hark
A moment, and then flee! While 'neath the gloom
Of myriad boughs, invisible, the host
Of various ephemera loud humm'd
In ceaseless joy their hymn!—

Alas! and Woe!

Where all was peace there yet should live a — sting But sooth—'twas even so! The breathless air, The freedom of the mountain denizens, The tender courtesies of sportive doves, Each by sad contrast found its pow'r to wound! That windless air, that landscape's peaceful scene, Compar'd with mind's unrest;—the liberty Of every free-born wood inhabitant, Contrasted with soul's fetters and her fears;—The soft tranquillity of solitude
'Neath Indian woods and skies, woods by the hymn Of unseen armies waxen musical, Contrasted with the Arctic of the soul Sunless and songless;—each found pow'r to sting! Or, if you will, each with intense appeal

Besetting eloquently the rifl'd heart
Of Sin—loud thunder'd of its desolation!

Or it hath been, when midnight hung her pall Of star-woof o'er the air-built dome of heav'n, And not an envious cloud obscur'd the depth Of ether fathomless—that ocean pure Where float the isles of joy; when sound was none Save the weird rustle of the vagrant wind As ghostly it sped by,—that he hath stole Abroad in solitary trance to make Creation all his own—while Sleep should seal Oblivion on the world. Then lone and far 'Mid Night and Solitude,—in Fate's despite He seem'd a moment free! and in this joy His breath would come serene, as with wild bound O'er rock and rift light as an antelope Up the hill-side he sprang: till thron'd on cliffs, The darken'd landscape slumb'ring far beneath, He hail'd the Heavens alone! Soon lost in thought-And robb'd by Thought of soul-tranquillity!! For gazing long in dreamy reverie Into that deep luxurious gulph of blue, And mystery, and stars, the eloquence---The appealing tender eloquence of heav'n, Like incense permeating every pore

Of palpitating soul, interpreted Of peace, and purity, and deathless love! And he would gaze from orb to orb afloat On that impurpl'd crystal, each i'th'calm Of an undying glory clasp'd for ever, To feel with yearn impassion'd that such thrones Not vainly were erected, nor by will Of the Invincible ordain'd the bowers Of minds ungodlike: hence, the roseate homes Of purest princeliest Intelligences! Ah! then, one proneward glance to slumb'ring Earth Dark at his feet; one sad remembrance Of her undying discord—disregard Of obligation high—her stain—her sin— Sin's dow'r of pain and tears and desolation-And that one glance suffic'd to raise on soul The fiend Despair! Like shipwreck'd mariner. Cast helpless by the surge upon a rock A thousand miles at sea, that ghastly stares Into the eyes of Death,—to living stone Transmuted by the Gorgon of his doom!

Or it hath been, when lance in hand he rode To rouse the wolf or wild hog on the plain, Seeking interminable solitudes Of rocky vales that many a sinuous mile



Sweep 'tween opposing hills, whose shoulders steep Dimmer and bluer as in distance seen, Jut forward on the plain—like the bold scarps Of beetling promontories that impend In melancholy trance above the wave Of some far-stretching bay,—that as he felt The ardent prancing and the nervous bound Of the good steed beneath; mark'd high in air His polish'd lance-head glitter in the sun; Felt the free wind, the huntsman's paramour, In kisses on his cheek as the she woo'd His soul o'er desart mountain and ravine Swiftly to fly with her; saw the dark hags Of brushwood scatter'd o'er the desart knolls,-The tangl'd depths between, that promise yield Of quarry fierce and free; sprang o'er rock-rifts That intersecting yawn'd, as if to bid To all advance defiance; plung'd down steeps Of thorny nullahs, with a bound to breast The opposing bank beyond; while secretly Triumphant in the joy of vanquishing Impediments such as irresolute minds Had deem'd insuperable; his heart would quaff Unbounded satisfaction, and so scorn The tamer life of man! Then, pressing fierce To full career his startl'd snorting steed

Against a wilderness of barriers,-Erect in stirrup, lance neat pois'd in air, In the wild gush of this exhiliration He whoop'd—'Hurrah! for hunters and their toils!'— But presently, the reckless course well run, A milder influence stole upon his mood, Moulding the heart to loving sympathy With the weird eloquence of Solitude! And on the height of some superior knoll, 'Mid moss-grown rocks and fern he bridle drew, To muse upon the scene in ecstasy. And as he soften'd 'mid the raptur'd calm To sentiment and pity, he would curse 'Neath secret yearn of a ruth-smitten soul The steel upon his spear—with life-blood dyed; Would hate the hand that wielded; ay! half hate The soul that falter'd not in cruelty! And then, a thousand solemn verities Would crowd on pond'ring mind; and backing all, Black as the hue of rayless starless night, Death, and the Grave, and the most dread HERBAFTER! Then died all sense of liberty,—then fled The phantom Independence; and in the pale, The iron fence of Destiny enclos'd, And destitute of all ability To force or overleap, he felt a - Slave!

Ha! damning woe! the victim of desire
In kingly liberty of soul to reign
Of self grand monarch sole,—and yet a Slave!
The Ishmael Heart that for the moral wild
Of lawless unaccountability
Thirsted—how passionately! and yet a — Slave!!
O for a winged steed, like that which sprang
From the Medusa's blood, with energy
Omnipotent to speed,—that he might flee!
But whither flee?—Ah! then, aback on heart,
Like the cold spirit of the glaciers fell
The truth detested—He was fast Fate's Slave!!!
Hence, dark'ning to a scowl in living pain,
His brow grew midnight 'neath the curse of Being!

For it is pain, to dream with the sweet sun
Through all his golden prime and gorgeous wane,
Then wake to starless Even! to grope in gloom,
After the wild intoxicating bound
Of spirit in the light!—Ev'n so, to start
After the trance of joy unpermanent
To ten times livelier sense of desolation,—
This, this, is woe,—for which Earth holds no balm!

Thus, were he grave or gay, 'twas still the same: Fate's bloodhounds ever track'd him in the rear,

Intent to spring, and with unpitying fang Prey murd'rous on the bosom's tenderness! But—chiefest in the trance of speechless bliss: Chiefest of all, when bliss most rivall'd Heav'n By raptur'd worship of the Beautiful, He prov'd high wrapp'd around his beating heart The icy winding-sheet of Destiny! And joy would wither in its frozen coil As soon as blossom'd,—as a victim droops In volumes of the Boa-a mangl'd thing! For broad, cole-black, he mark'd FATE's dismal pall -Like a dark cloud affoat 'twixt earth and heav'n-Drawn 'twixt the Sun of Happiness and Soul! With its Tartarean woof impenetrable, Despite the feverish flash of transient joy, Shrouding his Idols and their Devotee In shade,—the swarth of everlasting gloom!

## THE LAST REGRET.

Canto the Second.



## CANTO THE SECOND.

Spirits of all melancholy memories! Thus far the current of my song have ye Most musically guided-and my soul Proves in the strain some profit of the Past! Ah me! not all in vain the Hunter lived Those solitary years in which Hope's ray Rejected his lone heart! There were sweet beams Of sentiment still permeating pain, And thro' the gloom of sorrow they shot forth A meek and dovelike ray, that, despite Doom, -As sunshine on a broken battlement-Gilded the rents and jags of Moral Ruin! And there is joy in the remembrance: For souls of Dreamers treasure up as gold Each purer myst'ry of the marvel-Mind, To live them o'er in thought—haply extract From chasten'd retrospect fresh inspiration!

But come, ye Spirits of Hope and Gladness come,
Conduct me to the sequel of my tale:
Yours, what remains of this life-episode
Untold, to tell; yours is it to unfold
What in the Hunter's secret soul befel,
Illuming his dark being; sealing there
The glowing earnest of eternal bliss:
Transmuting the weird desart of his soul?
To Hope's gay Eden, with its wild of flowers!
Then—germinated there another scorn,
A scorn more holy, just, and temperate:
Scorn of the Carnal-Wise—the zeal of Knaves—
And vile Imposture that could militate
Against Truth's purest Ray! This was his scorn!
This, this, the spirit of his Last Regret!

I said, that Hunter stern, turn where he would
On earth—to banquets, solitude, the chace,
Was choruss'd by the bloodhounds of his fears
That tore him in their revelry; and, s'death!
In each deep meditation of his mind
On Being, Beauty, Happiness, and Love,
Started aghast before the thunder-note
That pealing in his brain, proclaim'd him—SLAVE!!!
That dismal echo from a thousand shells
Aëreal heard, shriek'd 'neath impending Heav'n—

"Woe, woe, for Man-the Proudling and the Slave!"

Stung by the taunt the Hunter's spirit glared Instinctive round, as if with vulture eye To search a glave with which to stand at bay!\* Next moment fell that glance: its fierceness quench'd In midnight most tempestuous—the gloom Of one betray'd to death: gloom such as marks The orbs of Fiends entangl'd in the toil! But hopeless, hapless, helpless, desolate, Could scope be yet for Pride to rear her head? O haply ye might deem the pedestal Were stricken from her feet, and baseless she In her despite must fall. But, little know Who thus should predicate the mystery Of evil in the Mind. Nay! nay! once bloom'd, Save to the strength of God's REGENERATION Pride not succumbs; but raises high in Hell Its brow deep-scarr'd with thunderbolts to howl

<sup>•</sup> The express object of this Poem being to exhibit facts, the truth—however dreadful—must be faithfully told. Hideous as it must appear, it is nevertheless a fact, that in considering the dilemma of the soul through sin—the infallibility of dissolution, judgment, and retribution—the eye of the Writer oftentimes furiously glanced toward the sabre hanging on the wall, while his heart secretly yearned for something like equality of strength, and a fair field, on which to hold God at bay.

In discord blasphemous its hate of Heav'n! Thus, to the Hunter's soul alternatives Two yet remain'd: In cold contempt t'ignore-To wit, to banish with premeditation The future as unworthy of a care: Or, if the thought would press, To stand aloof With brow defiant and in hate smile on! 'Twas thus, o'er seas and continents of Earth, Inwardly bleeding 'neath the shafts of Fate, Yet outwardly to unobservant eye Unmov'd and careless, he roam'd reckless on,-A solitary soul! a monument Of misery and pride—half tears, half scorn! And as he traverséd Life's slippery path, A thousand dangers cluster'd round his feet: Like angry breakers that to the base of cliffs Indignant roll, yet burst a fathom short With deaf'ning roar, to warn one of the way! Thus as he ran the life-race short of man Proudly and most presumptuously, oft oft -Like the small bird that plays within the jaw Of the Nile reptile-stood he in the yawn Of the Grave's portal; which, O strange! clos'd not O'er that defiant brow! Then from the verge Of dire destruction, that brain-wild'ring edge, Into eternal depths of the Hereafter

Perforce his soul must glance; to realize—
Or partially—the hideous character
Of the stupendous fall, when headlong hurl'd
By iron-handed Death from Earth and Time,
The soul of sin shoots arrowy to ruin!
And for a span, the semblance of sweet ruth
—But not Repentance the high gift of Heav'n—
Would steal upon the spirit of Pride's dream,
Too soon, alas! to die,—and dying, leave
Worse hardness in its train! While teeming leap'd
Incessant from the womb of Providence,
New dangers still to gambol round his Gloom!

But now, bright beaming in the wing of Time,
Came that auspicious hour—of hours most bless'd!
When, Mercy over Judgment triumphing,
Must be reveal'd—ay! witness'd in the soul
Of him that Hunter stern—chief foe of Heav'n!
Hear! hear!!—"Thou shalt arise and mercy have
"On Zion; for the time to favor her,
"Yea, the set time is come!" "Her sons shall wake,
"Her dead men shall arise to life and sing,
"For her Dew is as th'quick'ning dew of herbs,
"And Earth shall render to the Lord her dead"—
All souls to life predestinate ere Time!
Thrice Blessed Dew!—the Healing Influence

Of souls in Adam alienate to God, And dead in sin and trespass !-- Holy Spirit, Third Glory in the Unity Triune, Co-equal, co-existant, co-eternal, With the eternal Father and the Son!— In vivifying power, omnipotent Toward all in the vast universe that is Of matter or of mind !--praise by the Church As is most meet be Thine!! Thine, her grand call From death to life-divine: Thine by decree In Covenant economy to breathe Regeneration to man; and with the pow'r Of love i' the' souls of saints attest—The Son! Soul-resurrection, and its praise, are Thine! Thou giv'st to know and prove the SACRED THREE, Thrice o'er Creator of the Bride elect, I' the womb—in Christ—by Christ in deathless glory! And Thou attun'st the hearts of men to song, And thus they sing, -and shall for ever hymn :-"To God-th' Immaculate Sire and Lawgiver, "Blessed, thrice blessed, and for ever blest, "That might not-'tis His praise-from Law depart, "Nor suffer sin unbranded; but in love,

"Mysterious, deep, unsearchable, and free,

"Pluck'd from His heart, to save, the peerless Son,— "Be thanks, undying thanks! To God the Son,

- "Blessed, thrice blessed, and for ever blest,
- "From everlasting in the bosom clasp'd
- "Of the Eternal Sire, who of His love
- "Inexplicably pure, in human guise
- "Confronting with his spotless soul the bolts
- "Of legal thunder, quench'd them in His blood,-
- "Be equal thanks, and honors All Divine!
- "To God the Spirit, in the Godhead third,
- "Third likewise in Redemption's Covenant,
- "Blessed, thrice blessed, and for ever blest,
- "Who of a zeal no less, with heavenly flame
- "Quickens each soul elect, in pow'r to prove
- "Its interest in the Son-the healing balm
- "Of blood divine, with love and liberty,-
- "Be adoration eterne, with thanksgiving!
- "One Lord, Triune, the Father Son and Spirit,
- "Inheritor of all ;-Sole Infinite,
- "Omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent;-
- "Essential Excellent of excellency,
- "Of holiness the Beauty, and the Pow'r
- "Of beaming love; -Heart of the fount of bliss;-
- "Jehovah, Jah, Redeemer, Husband, King;-
- "All hail! all hail!! And, round THY RADIENT Brow,
- "Th' August, the Ancient, the Imperial,

"The Pure, th' Ineffable, the Venerable,
"Live, burn, unbounded blessings Evermore"!!!

There was a day the Hunter sat to read -Undreaming of the noble mysteries That mark its awful page—the Book of God! In blindness of a spirit to which clave The films of ignorance impervious, He curiously read; ay! critically; Deeming his darkness competent to judge:-His Owlship forging libels on the Sun!!! I said, His Owlship libelling the Sun: To the substance spiritual For, mark it! Of every gift attested in the Word, The unillumin'd spirit of man is dead: Regeneration—Repentance toward God— Sweet faith in Christ, with justification free-The Spirit's witness in the heirs of Heav'n-The Father's countenance and blessed love Richer than wine, that causeth e'en the lips Of them that sleep to speak-The triumph grand O'er death—The sense of Victory o'er the grave— With-what experiences of joy or pain Transpire in the elect—are secret things; From Reason hid, and unconjecturable By all Her goodly pow'rs: nor can be known,

Save by the bosom in which by His grace The Holy Spirit shines! Others may dream Their carnal dreams anent the testimony Of God, and in the vanity of mind Fancy they understand; but Truth abides-"God's secret is, alone, with them that fear." "Them, in the secret of HIS PRESENCE He "Shall hide from pride of man; them, secretly "In a pavillion from the strife of tongues, "His love shall guard!" Hear that; and penetrate By force of genius, or the strength of mind, Ye Sons of Pride this myst'ry if you can! Lay down by Reason blind some silken thread That shall avail thro' labyrinths intricate Of ignorance to guide to golden light Of heavenly experience! Ha! Could ye, Then tracing in the mirror true of soul A brother's lineaments, the heirs of grace Should hail them with a shout, and raptur'd cry-'The Living! The Living! These, these, are sons of God!'

But nay! Experience of the spiritual Is "not of him that wills, nor him that runs, "But God who sheweth mercy:"—"I will have," Saith the Immutable, "on whom I will "Mercy; and shew compassion to whom I will:

"And others—shall be harden'd in their pride!"

"Thus, hath He mercy upon whom He will,

"And whom He will He hardens!" Man may carp—
The creature of the dust may bay the Heavens—
But the Decree abides: thus, will He do;
Nor barter reasons with the slaves of Sin!
And thus, to some 'tis giv'n to understand
In absolute experience—Of Life;
To multitudes not giv'n: to whom not giv'n,—
T' conjecture stern Impossibility!
Hard Truth—yet True! And thus it was I said,
The while the Hunter unillumin'd read,
His Owlship's Reason libell'd Truth's fair Star,—
And lipp'd her godless blasphemies at Heav'n!!!

"Twas on that day, as he was set to read—Unconscious that the destin'd hour was come
Of peace, and life, and liberty—God's Word,
That Love arose, to set Her captive free!
Little wist he that morning as he oped
The Sacred Oracle, its utterance
Should prove in Hands Divine the instrument
On him to turn Hope's rapture evermore!
In chamber lone by Afric's shore he sat,
Scanning all blind Truth's Mystic Chronicle,—
That sealéd Book! which yet, loos'd not its seal!



Inquisitive and viewless, bending round A band of angels watch'd, intent to mark The pow'r of GRACE,—then on exultant wing Rising, record to myriad harps in heav'n! Still, still, deliverance linger'd; the "set time" "Mounting to its last minute: " silence reign'd; And calm unusual sway'd the Hunter's breast,-Meet prelude to th' advancing love of Heav'n: And still, page after page, he musing turn'd. At length,—in mute astonishment he paus'd, And knit abash'd his brow: full well he knew By swift illumination from Above, He to that point of Time had liv'd a Fool! Flash'd forth the Cross-out-flam'd the blood of Pow'r-Beamed his Saviour-Maker from the tree-And cancell'd by the stain incarnadine Of reeking Golgotha, the Curse of Law Shrank in annihilation! Righteousness, And Peace, and Love, and Mercy, reign'd supreme! For lo! in pow'r of an endless life, In fragrance of an unconjectur'd love, In peace—the peace that passeth understanding, The Spirit witness'd in the temple weird Of that lone soul, to Christ! Thus Christ, in him. Was made of God the gift of Life-Eternal! And now, the passion of his life-long sigh

Was met—by union with the heart of Christ!
The fragrant earnest of that Heart-of-hearts,
Its sweetness, glory, kindness, loveliness,
Wafting as incense on Edennic air,
Was by the Spirit of Grace divinely breath'd
Into that thirsting soul! Like west winds warm
Afaint from Serundeeb\* that o'er the sea
Float perfum'd many a mile, that fragrance fell
Intoxicating being,—that thenceforth knew
Jesus the glory of Joy's carnival—
Jesus the end of exquisite desire—
Jesus the balm of heart's divinest woe!†
Thus, thus, by Christ made free,—and redolent
With odoriferous love,—the Hunter first
Melted in smiles untortur'd by a Tear!

From that bless'd hour the interposing cloud 'Twixt Earth and Heav'n—like the Temple's vail—Rent thro' a Saviour's Sacrifice, reveal'd Joy's glowing world within! And issuing From the Most Holy Place in dazzling troop,

<sup>†</sup> If it be asked, What is heart's divinest woe? The answer is—Secret dissatisfaction, consequent upon the existence of a central void of soul, which nothing material nor mortal can fill.



Ceylon—whose fragrance impregnating the wind, may sometimes be scented a hundred and fifty miles at sea.

Shined forth the blessed Immortalities O'er which his soul long agoniz'd,—of Youth, Of Purity, Love, Beauty, Health, and Pleasure! All whose strange absence on the earth he mourn'd, Smil'd on him kindly from the Holiest, And spread for him their arms: Thus—he was bless'd! He saw the end of weeping-saw the end Of pain, of parting, withering, and death-The end of discord, hatred, and revenge-The end of Hell, her triumphs and her fears-And all the family of Christ, a band The living incarnation of sweet Love So soft so pure so fair, for ever crown'd -Hand within hand, responsive heart to heart-By Light, and Bliss, and Immortality! 'Twas done !--his anguish for the wrecks of Time Annihilate, gave place to boundless hope,— Such hope as is no mockery! For lo, Before th' Eternal Covenant of Christ, As that grew radiant in the Spirit's beam, Sin, woe, disease, tears, degradation, death, Evanish'd like a dream: and happiness, And truth, and holiness, and peace, and love, Appear'd exuberant blooming on the vast Of rapturous Eternity: grand fact—no dream! Between expectant soul and these, sole bar

The breath upon the lip; life's failing pulse
The fragile barrier to ecstasy!
True! Death's vale must be pass'd: but Death was
spoil'd

Of pow'r to wound; and like an angel meek, With solemn and mysterious forehead, smil'd! His friendly port dismantl'd the deep heart Of every fear; till, raptur'd, confident, She oped her sometime Enemy her arms, And in serenest peace and deathless hope, Him hail'd—Conductor to the Halls of Bliss!

O then, despite its pow'r, the World eclips'd
Before experiences of inspiration—
Those myst'ries inexpressible of Christ
Eternity and God, possess'd and felt
Beneath the Spirit's beam,—in speechless joy
The Hunter's bosom commun'd close with Heav'n!
Old things had pass'd away—delusions died—
Affections strong gave place to strong affection,
Pure, spiritual, and high: foremost for aye,
Exultant Love still sparkl'd in the van,—
Intensified—ten-times ineffable!
Hence, wing'd with triple fire and free from fear,
As kiss'd by lambent lips of Holy Flame,
Historian strong to God; and like a mist

That dews the dizzy peaks of Himalay,—
In ecstasies of gratitude dissolv'd,
And love distilling, droop'd on Light's sweet Brow!

Thus with irreparable breach was broke,
Heir of Perdition! Sin-accursed World!
Thy long usurp'd supremacy in him
Who trod thy stage a mourner: in his grief
Bewailing glories partial perishable
Of genius, beauty, happiness, and love;
Those ling'ring embers of a pristine flame
The Curse in mockery a moment spares
To shine,—the next, consigns to endless gloom!
Thenceforth for aye, 'twas not his to bewail
Ephem'ral fascinations of the Earth,
That lure—to wreck the soul on disappointment!
Weep those whom it concerns!—as well they may!—
But Woe, Death, With'ring,—What were these to
him?

There be, who well might weep! The armies vast
Of unregenerate mind, if recklessness
So strange an evanescent hour could rise
To solemn thought,—should weep! The butterflies
Of fashion and of folly whose sole dow'r
Is the ovation of a summer's day,

Those gay and brightly-gilt ephemera -Sage worshippers of tinsel lace and lawn-One moment sparkling on the stream of Time, The next, by the indignant hand of Death, Unmiss'd, unmourn'd, dismiss'd to the Abysm, Could they but hear as hears prophetic ear The laugh derisive of exultant Hell Above the head of vanity,-should weep! The rosy cheek, the rich and ruby lip, Too exquisitely fair—eclipsing far The glory thron'd in flow'rs; the dark eye Serenely flashing from its inner sphere Two worlds—this passion—that intelligence— And laying in its wizard despotism A million slaves in chains; the gen'rous heart To tears of tenderness dissolv'd by woe It marks but may not heal; these, these are gifts, Count them not vain, which Nature lends a few: But could the Gifted Ones emerge from films Of natural prejudice, and in the light Of Truth evade illusion, then clear seen The just disdain which He who forms the eye, The cheek, the rosy lip of loveliness, The heart with all its yearning mystic pow'rs, Hath for the alienated soul of sin, Whate'er its seeming grace,—they too should weep! The Conqueror, triumphant 'neath the bays By Fame and Fortune wreath'd around his brow, Intoxicate with pride, and blind of heart Self-rated with the gods—that blood-gorg'd worm ;— The Orator and Statesman on whose tongue Of pow'r hang raptur'd Senates, at whose back Resounds a Nation's praise, whose influence Electrical strikes thro' the heart of kings, And overawes a World;—The devotee Of Reason, who arrays antagonistic His finite 'gainst the Infinite of Mind, That casts his drivelling ounce of acumen Into the scale with that Intelligence Which ere you glittering orbs leapt into light, Sun, moon, star, planet, earth, and milky way, Each comprehended in the balances Of His imperial wisdom; -The pedant crew, Whom, adulation for the purblind Schools Bows to the dust before a musty shelf Of crude opinions spawn'd by dead men's brains Each by its master dubb'd-"philosophy," To shout 'Behold the Light;'-The sordid wight, Whose spirit crouching most irrationally At Mammon's shrine, accepts a miser's doom;-The Drunkard in his revel;—The Debauchee, Mask'd in the monstrous boast of sanctity,

Lust-drugg'd in Agapemonean bow'rs;—
All—all whom Sin and sin's fatality
E'er blinded and betray'd and made a scorn
Thro' multiform idolatry,—could they but pierce
The secrets of Eternity that comes,
Shame-smit, death-struck,—had had large cause to
weep!

But now the films of enmity and pride
Thick scale the mental eye, that restless rolls
Its baffled glance thro' the impenetrable
Of moral night; night whose distorting shades
Betray the seed of Adam, and refuse
To flee save at the Spirit's conquering beam!
Thus hapless millions in hallucination
Of Reason taken, challenging Fate's worst,
Vault to the world unknown—in their right hand
Clasping a damning lie; to expiate
Beneath eternal infamy their crime—
A mark for Hissing! and a jest for Hell!

O happiest he, quicken'd by pitying Heav'n To feel the edge of Truth, and comprehend His plight forlorn; his dow'r of sin and shame; His spiritual death and disability To love the Lord supreme, man as himself,— Those sister dictates of the Moral Law! In the completeness of his destitution,

He owns and trembles at Law's righteous doom—

"The soul that sins shall die!!!" Thus,
smitten dumb,

Despoil'd of repartee, and pow'r to wag An arrogant tongue at God, he prostrate falls With vanquish'd pride all helpless in the dust— Pre-eminently sensible of need! He carps no more at Love's appointment grand-SALVATION FREE THROUGH JESU'S ROYAL BLOOD!!! But interpenetrated with desire Intense ineffable, his thirsting heart A suppliant palpitates at Jesu's feet! Nor vain his hope! For lo, those nail-pierc'd feet Spurn not the contrite bosom! Christ has eyes To search the secret at a spirit's core, And read the troubl'd bosom! He has pow'r, And will, and love, to speak the captive free, That bows to Him a suppliant indeed! Such souls, shall surely triumph in the Lord! For thus His voice; hear it, ye scorners! hear, And haply pause:--"All that the Father me "Giveth, shall come to me; and he that comes "Will I in nowise spurn!" Hence, in despite Of Earth, and Hell, and Sin, and Hate, they come-Predestin'd millions come! The weary, faint,

The halt, the blind, the burden'd, agonized, From every climate come—death-struck by Sin! Lured by the gentle music of his speech. Asseverating on his Kingly Word That coming to Him the wickedest shall live, Pale, trembling, self-renouncing, and ashamed, He heals their woe; His broken-hearted come! And by His deathless Comforter within, Assures each panting spirit of its part In His sweet love and glory! They rejoice: And banded in a bond of brotherhood Enduring and eternal, with one heart To adore and praise Him, as His church they come! His Church—THAT TEMPLE OF HIS REST FOR EVER!!

Yes, yes, they come!—From Greenland's frozen shores,
From every clime of Continents between,
South to Fuego's utmost bound—the Horn!
From Anglo-America and Mexico,
Columbia Guiana and Brazil,
Peru Bolivia and Paraguay,
La Plata Chili Patagonia,
In trembling troops they come! each in the hour
Of wisely order'd Mercy summon'd forth
From sin's enslaving chain. They come, they come,
From all the ancient Continents of East:

Europa, long enlighten'd by the Cross; And despite thickest shades of pagan gloom, Blind superstition, fierce idolatry, From Asia and from Africa—made free! From Madigascar, and the million isles That gem the boundless Archipelago Of East, they come, they come! From thy new climes Queenly isle-continent, Australia; From the remote Van Diemen; and the shores Antipodal of Zealand; -- troops on troops, Pressing to Christ do come! Before the light Of His uplifted Cross—that foolishness To Reason and to Pride—that pow'r of God In th' appointed day of His salvation-Arrested, fascinated, and enslav'd In the new bond of love,—they come, they come! Subdued and vanquish'd by the victor beam Of God's sweet Spirit,—Hate and Error slain— Emancipated millions press to Christ, And crown Him Lord of All! The LORD of Life— LORD over Hell and Death-of Judgment LORD-Of Earth and Prov'dence LORD unchallengable— LORD of the Resurrection, and the doom Of unbelieving foes-sweet Lord of Heav'n, And His Redeem'd-LORD of the beaming realm Of Paradise Eternal—Lord of Gods

Angelical, the Pow'rs that throng the Throne
Of the Immaculate—Lord of Mind,
The fountain deep of true intelligence
To Spirits create'—rosy Lord of Bliss,
The life and fragrance of the deathless joys
That burn the Upper Eden—last nor least,
Lord Lord of Love, that purple ecstasy
Melting Immortals with its perfum'd flame!!!
Then happy—thrice—ay! ten times blessed he,
Illumin'd by the Spirit's victor Ray,
And driv'n despite the blindness of his soul,
And carnal Hate's invincibility,
From proud Impenitence, and Reason's chain,
To rest and rapture on the breast of Christ!

Such, such the Hunter's noble destiny,
Albeit in youth—the chiefest foe of Heav'n!
For Love unfurls her banner on the breeze,
And marches to her goal: resistless aye,
Ondashing ever drives her silv'ry van;—
Her path a history of victories!
And rosy blessings from th' ambrosial Heights,
Mark where She sweeps—thick clustering in the rear!
Impetuous thus, like Ocean's foam-fring'd surge,
Climbing and swelling in an hour ordain'd,
Her victor Influence came: the avalanche



Resistless thund'ring 'gainst the Hunter's soul—
—Nay, nay! the Hunter's pride!—that pride struck dead,

But saved the spirit 'neath Love's blazing shield!\*
Thus when the stress of contest pass'd away,
And She withdrew her fear, his spirit rose
To life bright-dew'd with circumfusing Heav'n!
He knew the peace that passeth understanding,
It roll'd its waveless billow o'er his heart;
He heard Celestial voices—of the Lord,
And the anointed Twelve—in melting tones
All breathing beauteous Hope; he felt the lips
Of lambent flame, bright to ineffable,
Devour with fragrant kisses his glad heart:
And, proving all his spirit lov'd in Christ,
He shouted "It is finish'd!"—What was finish'd?
Even his life-long wail:—for he had found

<sup>•</sup> The vouchsafement of the victorious influence of the Holy Spirit, by which natural apathy is dispelled, carnal rebellion subdued, and the soul moulded to submission, is an act emanating solely from the Divine Love. Nevertheless, for the overthrow of the pride and contempt of the natural mind, the Spirit is constrained to deal very bitterly in the outset of His operation—convincing of guilt—of liability to eternal punishment under the Law—and of the total helplessness of the creature to escape that doom. The severity of this dealing overrules carnal contempt, and brings the sufferer a suppliant to the feet of Christ:—"Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power." (Ps. cx, 3.)

The secret sole of satiating bliss!!

Once more the Wand'rer's path lay o'er the deep-That boundless waste of waters turbulent, Stirr'd by Antarctic gales, that rolls its foam On Kerguelen—bleak haunt of the lone seal— The Isle of Desolation! Round whose peaks Madden the polar gales, on blatant breath Bearing the snow-cloud thro' the gelid air! There, far and near, in frolic fierce and free Gambol at large and snort the monster "schools" Of huge Leviathan—each mighty back A frequent ebon island on the main, White fring'd by eddying foam! Triumphant there, For many a league athwart the solitude Wings the proud albatross his stormy flight, Or breasts with snowy plume the breakers drear! The peterel there, a speck 'mid infinite, Winnows with arrowy wing the boisterous air, Meeting with touch aëreal the tips Of billowy hoar; then swift with proneward dive Descending in the cavern of the wave, Light dips—to drink with practis'd bill the slime Churn'd from her bosom by the Glossy Brine!\*

<sup>•</sup> It is thought by some, that this is the peterel's only sustenance.



Such, such, the pathway of the Wanderer, First, after Grace descending on his breast, Had mingl'd soul and God!—

Adieu, adieu,

To sunny Afric, heritage of Ham, The land of brilliant memories!—there God Betroth'd the Hunter's soul! There, there, brake He Hell's tyranny-Sin's vassalage-the rod Of damn'd Rebellion-and Death's iron chain; And bound His willing captive in the yoke Of bands immortal, Love's-sole liberty! Ay! love-bonds,-truest liberty of all That boasts the dow'r of palpitating heart! Adieu, adieu, to Africa! the breeze Swell'd in the pregnant sail, and from the bow Wide flew the shatter'd foam: receding fleet, Land's undulating outline from the wake Melted in distance dim-in distance died-Kiss'd from the forehead of the Western Main As set the Evening sun!-

But, as the sun

Begilt that eve the waste of waters drear Until they beam'd a bath of liquid gold, So 'neath the gospel sound, arising, Thou, Bright Sun-of-Righteousness! Immanuel dear! `On the benighted souls of yonder shore Pour thine effulgent beam, till of her sons

Emancipated millions swell with song—

Song of the Kings—"Salvation to the Lord!"

Now weary moons around his wind-rock'd bark,
Dark roll'd the waters blue; afar and near,
Delirious spuming to the whistling pipe
Of angry hurricanes of West and South
That madd'ning overswept:—sweep, like the rush
Of viewless coursers in whose wizard mane
Is heard sepulchral wailing; whose weird hoofs
Electrical and fleet down-lighting fierce
On sky or wave where'er thro' space they roam,
Strike out mists clouds and foam! But joy! and
praise!

Tho' storm without bestrode the atmosphere,
Deep in the temple of the Hunter's breast
Reign'd calm unspeakable: such calm as waits
The word of Him that spake on Galilee;
A calm—the fruit of His revealéd love—
That love which suns all spirits like a smile!
Thus, he would sit and gaze into the blue
When skies were clear, with raptur'd exultation,
Touch'd by the infinite's immensity,
As dwelling meet for God:—would greet the beam
That kissing gambol'd golden on his lip,

With sympathetic smile; that beam the type Of lambent flame within: -would silent watch The wizard blaze cast by the silver moon Upon the Expanse of waters, that weird ray Whose splendour dancing o'er the inky depth Of night-dyed Ocean, sparkl'd glorious, Like Immortality—high o'er the Tomb! And when at length 'neath milder skies they rode, Clasp'd by the genial airs of Evening he Seated by taffrail solitarily, Would watch the setting sun; -hang o'er the flood Sheeted with crimson by his dying flame;-And hold unspeakable converse with Heav'n! For rosier than the shadows of the West, Softer than dreaming sun-light on the sea, The Spirit, prodigal of tenderness, Vouchsaf'd His beam Divine-in evidence Of Christ the Sun of Soul! That ecstasy Rifl'd each centrical profound of heart, And woo'd love's sweetest madness,—the desire Ineffable to languish eye to eye With Him the CRUCIFIED! And he would pierce Deep as a glance might dark fathoms down Into that surgy grave, and sigh, and sigh: For as the vessel rose upon the swell, Then pond'rous plung'd with the receding wave,

His soul could wish in secret that such plunge
Had been decreed her last;—a glorious dive
Down to the purpling caverns 'neath the hoar—
Soul's glad dismiss to unconjectur'd joy!
So clean the fears of death, by love dispell'd,
Had vanish'd like a dream; so shorn by grace,
Had fall'n the grisly horrors from the Tomb;
His soul could pant impatient of the bar
Of mortal breath, that held the soul serene,
Despite the smoking spirit of desire,
From swooning raptur'd on a Saviour's breast!

Awhile in Southern Climes he pensive rov'd,
Pursuing health, which, in the inscrutable
Of providence mysterious had fled
That hectic cheek;—cheek oft by fever burn'd—
Or paled by sequent snows: but rosy health
Had blush'd her last on that forsaken brow!
And thus, for two long years far from the shore
Of fiery Ind from clime to clime he sped,
And found her not—for she was fled for aye!
Light reck'd the Wand'rer her departed bloom:
His hope had ceas'd from earth, and turn'd its wing
Bedash'd with bliss-beams up to holier spheres!—
Time's restless wing now brought the closing moons
Of liberty, when back to tropic shores

To tend the bugle's summons, and belt on A sometime idle brand—brand that no more Held empire in his heart—he must away. A goodly bark majestic in the bay, Whose dimpling azure rolls by Sidney tow'rs, At anchor lay; and from her gaskets shook The furl of her white sails, that idle hung In massy volumes waving in the breeze. An hour-and "sheeted-home," those snowy wings Bending her creaking spars should proudly whirl That gilded prow over the billowy hoar,-Swift and triumphant as an albatross That laughs at cloud and storm! He would be there! But ere of Australasian shores he took Regretful leave—for he left eyes behind Whose ray on tablets of his soul had writ Indelibly and deep—he tun'd his lyre, And struck from mingling sympathies within, Wild, passionate, and true,—this simple Hymn!

## THE WANDERER'S SONG.

There's a breeze on the mountain, my bark spreads her sail,
I am forth for the Ocean, I'm forth for the gale;
I am forth for the tempest, the wrath of the sea,
But, Jehovah, thy pinions o'ershadow me!
Days, weeks, weary moons, on the blue Solitude
I must sigh, amid scenes as th' hoar surges rude;
But thou Lord art there, and shalt pour around me
The beam of thy Presence to gladden the sea!

In the shriek of the tempest, or trance of the calm, Thy love like sweet incense my soul shall embalm: Destruction may yawn, yet my triumph shall be In the stream that roll'd crimson'd on Calvary!

When the rude voice of clamour hath died with the day, And my calm soul at Eve shall in dreams faint away, While the spells of the Moon change to silver the sea, My heart's aspirations shall swell, Lord, for Thee!

Toward the light of thy Throne, on thought's rapturous ray, I will thread star by star my mysterious way:—
On the wings of the Spirit, O wast wast Thou me
To Love's bright sphere of spirituality!

I am forth, I am forth, and each Sabbath shall tell A loss to my soul in the prayer-pealing bell; But, what tho' in temples I kneel not to Thee? Whose Presence overfloweth infinity!

Pure Spirit of Glory! sweet Spirit of Love! Stoop, stoop on my soul from the mansions Above; And new tendrils of Life from Her beautiful tree, In the fulness of grace, do Thou wreath around me!

Thou, my soul, art enshrin'd and thy Sabbath begun:
'Tis Jesus The Lord, hath the victory won!
Or 'mid wilderness wastes, or the desolate sea,
Thou may'st sing—thou may'st triumph eternally!

But there are hidden founts within the breast Pre-eminently human, which the pow'r Of grace designs to seal not: these will swell Beneath the pure and pearly inspiration Of love, till like the dashing spring-tides grand
Of Ocean 'neath moon-kisses, they o'erleap
High their accustom'd bound! Hence, irrepressible,
A vein of Nature's tenderness with fire.
Surcharg'd, shook like an Etna that sad breast,
And mounting to the brain, melodiously
O'erflow'd in sister song; for, as I said,
There were soft eyes that he must leave behind,
Whose wizard rays indelibly and deep
Had writ upon his soul—in lines that burn'd!
Thus, ere its latest print that footstep press'd
Upon the Southern Strand, once more he seiz'd
His harp, and shook forth from her golden strings
This farewell echo o'er his Beauteous-One!

## TO E. L.

## A GIRL OF THE AGE OF TWELVE.

Faëry fragile Being, whom to love
Is as resistless Law,—How shall we part?
Little thy soft soul dreams how strictly wove
Her own dear influences with this weak heart;
And that my breast though doom'd to dwell apart,
Thrilleth for aye with tenderness for thee:—
Earth shall be powerless with all her art,
Despite the million bribes she offers me,
To blot from this deep mind thy spells of witchery!

I would have borne thee far, and bearing, been A watcher o'er thine innocence and youth; \*
I would have sought to fence thee with a beam
Of Heav'n—a lighting ray of deathless Truth;
And been thy friend and minister,—in sooth
Thy guardian and thy servant! So to be,
To mark thy mind unfolding in sweet ruth,
Thy beauty deepen to maturity,—
This bliss I sought of Fate—and She rejected me!

I would have sought an adamantine rock,
To plant between thy soul and every storm;
I would have sought to save from the Siroc
Of reinless passion, and its woe forlorn:—
Not o'er thy shatter'd hope with feeling worn
Should have been thine, unpitied, tears to weep;
Nor o'er soul-cherish'd flow'rs blast, to mourn;
Nor had the spoiler leave thy peace to sweep,—
To leave thy heart an Isle of Blight on sorrow's deep!

And while a ling'rer 'mid this vale of fears,

My spirit had been thy handmaid, and had ta'en

Of every flow'r of feeling, with her tears,

And woven for thy breast a zone of flame:—

In Faith—that scorning change, burns aye the same;

In Admiration—that is spok'n by eyes;

The Author designed to adopt her, and made a proposal to that effect.

In Love—that throbs tumultuous and untame;
In Truth untold—that breathes its depth in sighs;
Thou a sweet charge had'st been, to cherish for the
skies.

But now, I know not what may be thy doom,
For I may not be near thee to defend:
Too soon, alas! athwart that brow of bloom
The gale may sweep—with none near to befriend:—
I part from thee! but, not my sorrows end
With that deep pang of parting: I do feel
Memories with all my future sadly blend;
And anxious love shall pierce like polish'd steel
This soul, whose rest, alone, thy happiness could seal!

Farewell! farewell! And, if thy gentle heart
Shall 'scape the shaft of Woe, and tranquilly
And generously throb,—when wide apart,
Let one luxurious pulse thrill aye for me!
And sometimes musing, let soft memory—
Unworthy tho' the theme—pursue me far
In climes where I must rove: alike to me
My lonely path, be that in Storm or War,
So thine were beam'd upon by Heav'n's most loving
Star!

'Twas Eve-the sail was set-its\_ample span Swell'd in the steady gale; the seel flew Fleet as an eagle o'er the prancing brine, The less'ning land dark'ning 'neath night a-lee! Her consort-for the voyage was danger-fraught, And therefore with a sister bark she sail'd-Dim looming like a phantom in the mist, Lay skirting the horizon—seaward far! They edged the South Pacific to the mouths With bank and reef-rock intricate of Torre'-The Strait of Wrecks!\* beneath whose waters shoal, For many a league outstretch the coral fields Of the vast Barrier Reef; fields 'neath the beam Blazing a realm of liquid emerald. Fringed by a wreath of snow—where wailing breaks Upon their jagged edge mile after mile In dazzling surf the weight of Ocean's swell! † O ye may hear along the sadden'd sea

<sup>•</sup> The inner passage of Torres Straits, before the late Admiralty survey, was reckoned dangerous in the extreme. Many vessels have been lost there. There is a barren rock at the western extremity of the passage, called Booby Island, having a deep cave in the face of a cliff; in which, masters of vessels were in the habit of depositing barrelled provisions, for the use of crews that might be cast away in the Straits.

<sup>†</sup> The shallow water upon the Great Reef, unlike the surrounding sea, is for the most part dimpling and placid; and flowing over the white coral beneath, looks singularly green and beautiful. When lighted up by the sun, it literally shines like emerald.

The hollow echo floating many a rood, Like Time's wrongs challenging Eternity, And solemniz'd may dream!—

Scaithless they pass'd

Each danger 'neath the keel, and safely reach'd The sound of Timor's Sea—to memory dear! There was a night!—The winds had fallen calm For days, and scarce had pow'r upon the sea To raise a ripple, but that night divine The stagnant pulse of Nature seem'd to sleep Or die in her tranc'd breast! The elements, Soft air above, the crystal wave beneath, Bound by a spell petrific moveless slept; And the charm'd Universe did hold her breath, For halcyon Peace that eve held amours there! The stars in beauty hung from their high dome Unusually bright; unusual too, In hue feuille mort the interstellar void Transparent shin'd. None wist how it transpir'd, But so inimitably true the sea Imbib'd the hue of heav'n, it of the sea, That mortal orbs, th' acutest, might not fix Where this with that had meeting: eye in vain

The ocean breaking upon the edge of the Reefs, throws up a brilliant white surf; thus encircling these emerald fields with a wreath, which, to the eye, looks very much like an interminable swan's-down boa.

Sought out horizon—hórizon was none— Sky laugh'd, and kiss'd her wave invisible! And in the main, that seem'd not main but sky, Down to her nethermost, for every orb Clear gleaming in the height came forth a star Of equal lustre—darting gleam for gleam! Insomuch, that seem'd that dark and shadowy ship, A spectre galliot midway hung 'twixt heav'ns Of boundless height and boundless beaming depth,— A bark inspheréd centrical, by spells, Within the concave of a globe of spheres!— Long gaz'd the Wand'rer in his admiration, Rapt on the scene sublime; when unawares, Like perfum'd winds from Java's spicy isle, Struck home the Spirit's beam: illum'd at once, The Godhead burn'd from Jesu's beauteous face. Sunning heart's altar with love's purple flame-Till Christ and Soul became a-Unity!!! And these delights, to wit, that peerless eve And the sweet Spirit's grace, on memory, Her brightest page, scorching their image dear, That page adorn'd with glory evermore!

There was another night by Ceylon's shore,

—I pass it by, lest the relation prove

To some a weariness, to other some



A rock of rude offence-when despite shades Of starless midnight hov'ring in the air, The Spirit bow'd the heav'ns and brought down The Godhead on the wave, in deathless love, To cheer that Wand'rer's soul. Enough! enough!-What to the million mysteries like these? Such themes are madness to the rationalism Of Unregenerate Mind: now, as ever, "God's secret favor hides with them that fear!" 'Tis secret now, not so shall be alway: There comes—'tis black with tempest—a grand day, When Reason's self shall bow, confess, and—wail! Reason may sneer the while, and count such facts The fabrications of an heated brain; The fables cunningly devised by knaves To sway the silly crowd, and merchandize Make of the unsuspecting souls of fools; May lay "the flattering unction" to Her soul, That on the brow of Christian Mysteries She marks imposture's brand; and—save the mark!— Sees deeper than the herd; but let her read That which is writ:--" For judgment I am come "Into this world, that they which see not might see; "And they which see (or think it) might be blind!" Thus—thus for ever shall it be with God. Who in the net of wisdom snares the wise,

And takes the crafty in his craftiness! Let Reason sneer! But let her mark withal, That he on whom by sovereign decree Salvation's myst'ry came, was happily Nor Jesuit, Priest, nor Preacher, but a man Mingl'd with common men: a Soldier he! His trade was war, not merchandize of souls; And in his trade ere grace refin'd his heart, Delighted ran—to th' elbows dyed in blood!\* A HUNTER of the waste when war was o'er, Careless of creed or stole or pater-noster; A hater fierce of hypocrites; an advocate For liberty of mind:—and could the Lie, The enormous fallacy of Atheist Chance As mother of the universe, have shrunk To the dimensions of his finite spirit, Perchance it also gladly had been hail'd To stun th' dread of accountability! But as it chanc'd the Monster was too gross For him to gulp—and hence he gulp'd it not— But the ungulp'd he liv'd God's enemy!

<sup>•</sup> In the first gush of his warlike enthusiasm, the ferocious ambition of the Author was to kill; and many were the victims that both fell, and received desperate wounds at his hand. In the absence of Divine Grace, however, his heart was not sufficiently steeled for a continuance in such triumphs. The unnatura appetite soon cloyed—to give place to a more humane experience

Thus, as it were, at the Antipodes
Of Heav'n and Heav'n-communion he sigh'd on,
A Huntsman sad and lone; without desire
To lip religious frauds in human ears,
Or machinate by self-forg'd fallacies
Against the weal of man;—godless and lorn,
A weeping dreamer o'er the Beautiful!
Such was the Man! On him Love's myst'ry
pass'd

Proposession grand irreversible WILL!

By sovereign grand irreversible WILL!

I had it genuine as it happ'd with him,

And I have written!—"What is writ, is

writ!!!"

At length, dim beaming on the larboard bow,
Upheav'd the low palm-cover'd wavy coast
Of Coromandel—with its caves of pearl!
Soft bath'd the Evening Sun, earth, air, and sky,
As rippling up the blue and placid main
The lordly vessel ran; then, crimsoning
Behind those western flats, kingly to rest
Sank as she anchor'd stately in the Road!
The sails were clew'd and furl'd,—the yards were
squar'd,—

The voyage was o'er:-Type of my failing Song!

For two short moons the Wanderer ashore, Sojourn'd a sufferer amid the homes Of that fair Eastern Capital: disease, The deadly ague prey'd upon his cheek, And drank his languor'd eye,-which yet elanc'd The Spirit's beam divine! and still his heart Deep dream'd—a wilderness of anxious thought! For now, one master-passion in its pow'r Absorb'd his weeping soul,-to minister To death in th' peerless mystery of Christ!-Sometimes, the angel visitings of grace Refresh'd his weary soul: sometimes, the woe Of their desertion overcast his mind: But—whether in precious revelations beam'd The Holy Ghost within; or veil'd His smile, By contrast working tenderest desolation, And yearn for His return; one thing was sure, -God in that spirit reign'd the All in All! Less than the Highest, it for nought could crave-Its Life, its Love, its Consolation—Gop!! Of bliss its Alpha and Omega—He!!!

'Twas thus, as hath been said, upon a morn To watch the waxing splendour of the Sun Possess the portals of the smitten East, Entranc'd and deeply pondering he stood Within the white walls of that Capital! The night had sleepless pass'd: no common pain, But pain's intolerable agony Had robb'd his frame of rest; but with the morn, A pitying Heav'n roll'd back the billowy surge Of dreadful suffering, and sent a calm— How grateful and how sweet! And he walk'd forth, While Slumber's spells still held the world in thrall, Upon the terrace high—to meditate. At length, dim radiating o'er the wave That eastward roll'd, a gentle glimmer ran; And, thitherward, the paling stars wax'd faint, Shortly to vanish from the deep'ning beam. The domes of mosques, the tall and wavy palms, The housetops, and the gardens, dimly seen, Emerg'd from shadowing gloom; and far and near, The features of the landscape dusky shone:-For yet, the Sun topp'd not th' orient sea. Anon, a sharp flash momentarily Flush'd on the sky and plain, as on the ear With sudden clap by distance muffléd, Boom'd the deep thunder of the morning gun! It was the token that Aurora's wheels Had lighten'd on the world: the sullen roar With thund'ring iterations smote the plain, Faint rumbling in the dells of distant hills!

Fixt stood the Hunter, with attentive ear
Catching from distance far the failing sound,
Ev'n to its latest echo;—which scarce died
Upon the silken wind, when suddenly,
Clear, piercing, musical, and melancholy,
Burst from the tall and gilded minaret
The shrill Muezzin's morning cry to prayer:—
"There is no God save God; and Ma-hummud
"His prophet is:—to prayer; Alla Hu!"\*
There was a melancholy cadence breath'd
Into that long wild cry, that sadly hung
Upon the listening ear: but sadder far
The moral music of the melody,
That ripp'd the Hunter's soul; the wounding
strain

—How dreadful to the heart that drinks of Truth—Of Insult cold to God—and Blasphemy!

That sound in silence died, and for a span Reign'd universal still: some fleecy clouds Hung golden round the sun, that thro' a mist Of amber shot his long and silken beams Home to the grey domain of furthest West:

<sup>•</sup> I am not certain that these are the exact words of the Muezzin's morning and evening call to prayer; but I believe they are substantially correct. (Author.)

Mosques, palms, domes, minarets, and terraces,
Caught brilliance from his eloquence and burn'd
In glory beautiful,—their lengthen'd shades
Far stretching o'er the sward! The flow'rs beneath,
The fruitful palms and cocoas waving high,
Earth, Air, and Ocean, with the rosy Sky,
All spake their Maker's praise—ev'n JESU'S praise!
"By Him were all things made; and without Him
"Was not made anything that was create':
"For in th' beginning was the Word,—that Word
"Was with God—and that Word was God—
CREATOR!

"In Him was Life—that Life sole light of Men—
"True light alone to lighten the dark race
"Of woman born:" else, bound in shades of Death,
And impotent to see as blindest worms!—
All things were smiling witness to the praise
Of Jesus Crucified, and in that hymn
Of inorganic tongues the Hunter's heart
Join'd passionately,—albeit his soul was sad!
Say! wherefore was he sad?—

Because he knew
And tasted Jesu's love—and Jesu's truth—
And Jesu's faithfulness to all His Word:
And—that vile worms the creatures of a day—
The spawn of Sin—the minions of Corruption—

Inheritors by Law of doom eternal—\*
Socinus, Arius, Mahomet, the Pope—
With humbler knaves in courage and in craft
In Modern Days—an host—Hell's insane Peers,—†
Iscariot-like should lift the heel on Christ,
Hatching Imposture impious; and plot,
By Lies disgorg'd from their blaspheming throat,
To coozen countless millions and augment
Their endless pain; to send them flesh and spirit,
With reeking blasphemy in their right hand

Should the Reader be tempted to imagine, that an unwarrantable harshness of phraseology has been employed in this and the foregoing lines, let him carefully compare the following Scriptures ere pronouncing judgment. And be it remembered, that, with God, there is a suitability in each of the expressions under consideration, to the creature condition, and moral state of Manno matter what the seeming grandeur and amiability of indi-"Thou worm Jacob." (Isai. xli. 14.)-"All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth; because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it." (Is. xl. 6.)-" Behold I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my Mother conceive me." (Ps. li. 5.)-"But we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." (Is. lxiv. 6.)-" Cursed is every one that continueth not in ALL things which are written in the book of the Law to do them." (Gal. iii. 10.)

<sup>+ &</sup>quot;But if our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost: in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them that believe not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them." (2 Cor. iv. 3, 4.)

Into the blasting presence of Him who sits
On living lightnings thron'd,—who Himself is
Truth's Incarnation, and the direct King
Of Terror to the Lie;—ha! this was pain!
And swell'd the Hunter's bosom with the sigh
Of mingl'd scorn and pity for the crew—
The knaves that basely dare malign the Light,
The cowards that dare not single-handed brave
Their challeng'd doom—that compass sea and land
To make a proselyte; who, being made,
By twofold more a child of Hell becomes
Than they themselves! Ha! this was pain!
This, this, the burden of the Hunter's sigh!
THIS! THIS!! THE SPIRIT OF HIS LAST REGRET!!!



## CONCLUDING INVOCATION.

JESU, blest Saviour! to the destined hour That shuts me from my foes, O guide and keep! Securely fold me 'neath thy wings of Power; And shield me when temptation rolls its deep Deep sorrow on my soul! O strengthen Thou My spirit in affliction; and down-pour Unto my heart the glory of thy brow: And with thy Spirit keep my spirit pure! And say in music-murmurs of thy voice, Soon soon this yearning breast shall all be Thine, And disembodied hail Thyself-her choice: And drink thy love, sweet Beulah's brightest wine! Blessings be Thine—Thou fairest, noblest One! Ye heavenly harps reiterate the strain; Stars, flaming stars, take up the note; thou moon: Ve elements He leadeth in His train!— Redeem'd and Angels o'er the silence rude Outroll the anthem to that Name ador'd, With song far-piercing smite the solitude,-TIS JESU!

CREATOR! SAVIOUR! VICTOR! HUSBAND! LOVE!!
AND GOD!!!



